The
E of ESSEX
AND
Q. ELIZABETH
A Novell.

THE

Secret HISTORY

OF THE

MOST RENOWNED

Q. Elizabeth

AND THE

E. of Essex.

By a Person of Quality.

COLOGNE:

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THE Earl of *ESSSEX.* OR, THE AMOURS OF Queen *ELIZABETH.*

The First Part.

THE People had seen *Essex* in Extraordinary Favour with the Queen; and were therefore the more Surpriz'd at his Fall. She had rais'd him to the highest Dignities of her

Kingdom; and he continued then General of her Army in *Ireland*, against the Earl of *Tyrone*, who had rais'd a Rebellion there. His endeavours to divert this *Misfortune* were Vain; and after an obstinate Resistance, he was brought up to *London*, and confin'd to his House.

The Services he had done the State by his Valour, were very considerable; but the Favours the Queen's peculiar Goodness had heaped on him, proceeded from a far more secret Cause, and more pressing Motives. Had the Earl of *Essex* never Signaliz'd himself by the Glory of his Actions, the Kindness she had for him, would have made her distinguish him from the rest of her Subjects; and 'tis certain her Affection had made him her Favourite, before he could pretend to it in the least by his Services. She was highly renown'd above the Women of her time, for Courage and Strength of Mind; yet too

weak

weak to be Proof against the Impressions of Love. She had a passionate Tenderness for the unfortunate Criminal, which was his Advocate, and defended him from the Severity of Justice; and was so far from taking pleasure of publick Revenge of him, that She abhorred in her Heart those cruel Maxims that cross'd her Inclinations.

She kept her Bed to prevent the least publick Discovery of a Trouble it was not in her Power to conceal; and admitting of no Company but the Countess of *Nottingham* (her intimate Confident) She gave vent to her Tears, and freely lamented the Misfortune that threatned the Repose of her Life.

The Countess had a little suspected the Queen's Inclination; and thought herself oblig'd by powerful Reasons to end out the Mystery. But this being a tender Point, and having to deal with a *Princess* naturally of a very high *Spirit*, the *Countess*

tess was Silent. But the Queen's Grief was too violent to continue long Mute; her Sighs confirm'd the Suspicions of the *Countess*, and her Repeating in her Trouble, the Earl of *Essex*'s Name, convinc'd the Countess of the Truth of what till then she had but slightly fancied.

The *Countess* had that *Command* of herself, she easily conceal'd her Concern in the Adventure; and appearing only sensible of the Trouble of the Queen, she us'd all the Art she had, to comfort Her; and fail'd not to put her in Mind, how serviceable on that Occasion Her Vertue might be to her, which had already made her the Wonder of the World.

Ah, Madam! (says the Queen, interrupting her) *You do not yet know me. The Force I have long put upon myself, hath made you think, with the rest of the World, that the* Height of my Spirit hath Raised

Me

Me above the Infirmities of Nature; *and the Greatneſs of my Thoughts ſecur'd me from the Troubles of Life; but alaſs! poor* Elizabeth *is a Slave to her Weakneſs; and, hath all this while but ſacrificed to Reputation all the Quiet of her Soul, and Happineſs of her Days!*

'Tis high Time, Madam, to Reveal the Myſtery!

My Heart, Madam, is ſenſible and ſuſceptible of the deepeſt Impreſſions, and what I have in Appearance condemn'd moſt, is perhaps, the only thing that has moſt Power over me.

The Earl of Eſſex *is not leſs Famous for the* Victory *gain'd over my Heart, than for his* Treaſons *againſt me: And I who have always maintained the* Freedom *of my* Soul, *and preſerv'd the* Liberty *of my* Affection *from ſubmitting to the Efforts of all the Noted* Princes *of* Europe, *and the greateſt of my* Subjects, *have now the Misfortune to find my Inclinations violently ſway'd in Favour of a*

Perſon

Perſon, as ungrateful *as* faithleſs. *You know what I have done to raiſe him; nor can you be ignorant how ill he hath requited me by his Crimes. A Man, who being Governour of* Ireland, *General of my Army, in quiet Poſſeſſion of the Beſt Offices of my Kingdom, and Maſter of my Affection, yet could not forbear conſpiring againſt that Authority I was but too much inclin'd to give him a Share of; and, perhaps, againſt a Life I took no other Pleaſure in, but the* Opportunities *I had by it to make his Happy.*——

It was not in the Queen's Power to ſay one Word more. And the *Counteſs* more than ordinarily concern'd at the Diſcourſe, became ſo much the more curious; and pretending to comfort the Queen, engag'd her very dexterouſly to a further Diſcovery.

No, Madam, (replies the Queen) *there's no Hopes of Comfort for me, if the E. of* Eſſex *die: By the Condition*

dition you ſee his Impriſonment hath put me in, you may gueſs what I am like to be reduc'd to by his Death. His Crimes I abhor, but am in Love with his Perſon, and find that as I have been ſo weak to let him know it, I ſhall again be ſo weak to pardon him. You do not know his *Carriage* towards me; and perhaps my *Affection* will as eaſily find excuſes for his *Ingratitude*, as it did for my *Kindneſs*. I will give you the *Relation* of it, but conjure you to *Reproach me ſo plainly with the Shame I expoſe myſelf to, that I may at laſt prevail with myſelf to abandon the ingrateſulleſt of Men, to the Rigour of his Fate.*

I Shall not give you an Account of the Intereſt of *England*, other than what the Earl of *Eſſex* ſtands concern'd in. I will paſs by the *Obſtacles* rais'd againſt my Eſtabliſhment; and tell you only, I quickly gain'd Poſſeſſion of the Throne, was ador'd by my People, and

and happy beyond the Hopes of a Perſon of my Sex. But Elevation is not always attended with the Pleaſure of Life; and that ſmooth Gale of Felicity and Repoſe in the beginning of my Reign, quickly blew over, at leaſt, in my Opinion.

Being ſettled in my Government, I found my Court throng'd with Suitors of Sovereign *Grandeur*, ſtriving to merit the *Choice* it was in my Power [at once] to make of a *Husband* and a *King*. The Earls of *Somerſet*, *Leiceſter*, *Arundel*, and *Hertford*, had the moſt Right to pretend to it. But finding myſelf diſturb'd by their Importunities in my moſt ſerious Affairs, and not at all inclin'd to entertain their Suits. I formerly declar'd to them, I deſign'd to live ſingle, and endeavour'd to make them amends, by conſiderable Employments, and Alliances I beſtow'd on them: Three of them openly quitted the Hopes they had conceived: Only

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the Earl of *Leiceſter*, more Ambitious, or more Conſtant than the reſt, kept a-foot his Pretenſions, and publickly coutinued his Services: But it was not ordain'd his Perſeverance ſhould be crown'd with the Reward of my Affection.

The Earl of *Eſſex* having ſignaliz'd himſelf againſt the rebellious Earls of *Northumberland* and *Weſtmorland*, made about this time, his firſt Appearance at Court, and ſo found with more Eaſe, the Secret to pleaſe me.

Thoſe who preſented him to me, ſpoke much in Commendation of him. And I was too much an Eye-Witneſs of the Merit of his Perſon. I look'd upon him as an extraordinary Man: Nor could I but think it equally extraordinary to find my ſelf ſo ſtrangely affected with him at the firſt Sight. The Reception I gave him was very obliging, and the *Acknowledgements* he made me, were full of Reſpect: So that for

the Time, I saw no Cause to check my Inclination.

I may date from this first View, the loss of my Repose. I presently fell into a Disquiet I had till then been altogether a *Stragner* to. And in spite of my high Spirit, I could not but inwardly acknowledge the *Cause*. And all the Efforts of my haughty Humour against it, serv'd only to make the Triumph of the Earl of *Essex* the more Glorious.

You should better comprehend the Condition I was in, did you know the Resentments of a Great Soul, jealous of its Reputation, in Extremities of this Nature; the Combat it undergoes, and the *Confusion* that attends the Defence.

I fear'd my Eyes would discover the Pleasure I took in looking on the Earl of *Essex*, and my Weakness occasion Discourses in the World, to the Prejudice of my Glory. I shun'd the Sight of him, but to little Purpose, when I carry'd

ry'd the *Idea* of him in my Heart. I was angry with myſelf for it, and ſummon'd my Reaſon to my Aſſiſtance to declare it: But *Love* had ſo violently ſeiz'd my Heart, that I ſtruggled in vain to diſpoſſeſs *him*.

By little and little I yielded my ſelf Captive to that powerful Inclination which had at firſt Sight made me ſo much in love with the Perſon of the Earl of *Eſſex*: And pretending the Services he had done me againſt the Earls of *Northumberland* and *Weſtmorland*, and the memory I had of the good Services of his Father, as the Ground of my Favour, I made him *Knight of the Garter*, *Maſter of the Horſe*, and of the *Privy-Council*, tho' under Age.

Thus did I cheriſh and indulge the Weakneſs I had ſo long ſtruggled with, and condemn'd my ſelf for. The higher he grew in Office, the nearer he was to my Perſon: His Complaiſance, his

Respect, his Looks, which to me appear'd all kind and languishing, and especially my Affection, which had Tenderness enough to give a favourable Construction to the least of his Actions, conspir'd to betray me.

Envy raised him Enemies: The Earl of *Leicester*, concern'd to be Jealous of him, quickly suspected the Truth. And looking on the Earl of *Essex* as a Person of Merit capable to cross his Pretensions, he made it his Business to supplant him; which I presently observed. I easily foresaw the Trouble my Favour might cause between Persons so considerable: And the better to countenance the Kindness I had for *Essex*, I affected a little Complaisance for *Leicester*, which somewhat abated the Edge of his Jealousy.

About that time the King of *Sweden*, the Emperor for his Son, and the Duke of *Anjou*, made me their

their ſeveral Propoſals of Marriage which I was forc'd to receive, but wanted not Pretences to ſend *home* their Ambaſſadors, without any Fruit of their Negotiation.

How contrary to the real *Motive* of my Actions were the Interpretations Men made of my Refuſal of Marriage with theſe Princes! It redounded much to my Honour, my Glory was increas'd by it, and the World admir'd my Contempt of Love, even then when my Soul was wholly poſſeſt by it.

The Averſion I expreſt for Foreign Alliances, rais'd the Hopes of the *Earl* of *Leiceſter*; and *Eſſex* ſeem'd overjoy'd at it; *Not*, ſaid he, as I heard afterwards, *but that the* Qu. *is Diſcreet in all her Actions; and her Choice, had ſhe made one, had been decent and juſt; but that I think her ſo fit to reign alone, that I could not without extream Trouble, ſee her ſhare her Authority with a Husband who perhaps would in time be her Maſter.*

The Conſtruction, I made of the E. of *Eſſex*'s Zeal, was ſuitable to my Affection, and the Deſire I had of gaining his Heart, which I deſir'd ſo paſſionately, that I fancied it done, and that the pretended Severity that made me ſlight Kings, was the only Thing that frightned his Reſpect, and that he had declar'd his Love to me, could he have thought he durſt preſume to do it.

The Duke *Alanſon* (not diſcourag'd by my refuſal of his Brother) began ſoon after to make Addreſſes for himſelf; and it was not in my Power to deny my Conſent for his Voyage to *London*: But what Advantages ſoever he pleaded in his Favour, certain it is, the Earl of *Eſſex* loſt not any he had gain'd over me. The ſtay of that Prince in *England*, fortified the Earl's Intereſt. He was conſtantly at my Elbow. When the Duke *Alanſon* ſpoke to me, methoughts I read Reproaches againſt my ſelf,

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in the Earl of *Eſſex*'s eyes. The Earl of *Leiceſter* watch'd me as carefully, tho' not with equal Regard from me. I rais'd ſo many Difficulties againſt the Duke of *Alanſon*'s *Deſign*, that he was forc'd to deſiſt; and I rid my Hands of his Perſon and Suit, without giving him Cauſe of Complaint.

You know, that after the Death of the Queen of *Scots*, the King of *Spain*, who ſtill makes himſelf indiſpenſibly ſubject to a neceſſity of oppoſing me, entred into a League with the *Pope* againſt me. And having fill'd the *World* with injurious Declarations againſt my Right to the Crown, they join'd all their Forces to put it off my Head. The *Spaniards* made themſelves on the ſudden Maſters of *Daventer*. The Duke of *Parma* laid Siege to *Sluys*. It was high time to provide for *Defence*; and the Earl of *Leiceſter* was ſent away with all the Nobility of the Kingdom, in the Head of a

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numerous Army. The Earl of *Eſſex* was one of the Firſt to follow him; and as ſtrongly inclin'd as I was to ſtay him, yet I thought the Man I lov'd ought not to be idle, when he had Opportunity, by Glorious Actions, to merit the Kindneſs I had for him.

I will not ſpend Time in giving you the Relation of a War, which *perhaps* you are *ſufficiently* inform'd of, and concerns not the Secrets of my Life. It tended to our Advantage; all (to the very Winds) having favour'd our Side. When the Generals of the Army arriv'd at *London*, I was carry'd in Triumph to St. *Pauls*: Yet the Joy I had to ſee the Earl of *Eſſex*, was greater than that for the ſignal Victory obtain'd. Amongſt an infinite Number of Perſons of ſeveral Ranks, my Eyes were fix'd only on him: And much ado I had, ſometimes, out of Policy, to caſt a Look on the Earl of *Leiceſter*. Both of them had

had done very great Actions: I commended them publickly; and particularly joy'd the Earl of *Eſſex* for the Succeſs of his Valour and Conduct; who ſpoke ſo much in Praiſe of the Valour and Conduct of the Earl of *Leiceſter*, that he was forc'd in Requital, to do him Right, in giving him openly the Elogies he deſerv'd.

Not long after this Expedition, the Earl of *Eſſex* fell into a very deep Melancholly: I was the firſt that perceived it; and took it for an Effect of ſome ſecret Paſſion. I wiſht now and then he would once take the Boldneſs to declare himſelf, but preſently my Reaſon, upon *Second Thoughts*, ſet before my *eyes* the *Confuſion* would certainly follow an Explication of that nature, to the Ruin of my Reputation, and that high Eſteem the World had for me; yet (to ſpeak Truth) I could not reſolve what to do or to wiſh: I am in love, I deſir'd

to

to be loved again; and that was all I could make of it.

The E. of *Essex* in the mean time continued sad; I was troubled to see him so; and fancying myself the Cause, I was desirous to know it; and resolved to fetch it out of him.

He had full Liberty of Access to me, and I enlarg'd it daily; but not to expose my Reputation, in forcing him to declare himself, I pretended an Inclination to favour the *Earl* of *Leicestr*; who, since his late Victories, had entertain'd new Hopes.

One Day, as the *Earl* of *Essex* came to thank me for the Government of *Ireland* I had bestowed on him, I was loth to lose the Opportunity; and interrupting what he would have said in Acknowledgement, *You need not enlarge yourself* (said I) *on a Thing I am fully assur'd of. I take Pleasure in raising your Fortune, and wish I could as easily*

eaſily remove your Melancholly, as I am pleaſed to give a new Proof of the Sence I have of your Service. You may, in your Turn, oblige me, (added I) *who am fallen into a troubleſome Conjuncture, and find it very difficult to reduce my Affections into a Compliance with the Neceſſity of the State; this preſſes me hard to provide* England *a* King; *this Choice is difficult, and I have not a Mind to make it among Foreigners: You are diſcreet, and I have Reaſon to believe, not the leaſt loving of my Subjects. I will take your Advice; ſpeak your Mind freely, What Man in* England *you think beſt deſerves this Fortune?*

I look'd on him with that Kindneſs, as would have inſpir'd the moſt Fearful with Boldneſs: I obſerv'd in his eyes extraordinary emotions, and all the Symptoms of a Secret ready to break out. The Point appear'd tender, and my Imagination flatter'd me, all would

be

be as I wiſh'd. *Your Majeſty's Reſolution*, cry'd he, *will render a Man more glorious by the Quality of your Husband, than of the greateſt Monarch on Earth. Remember*, ſaid I, *I expect not a Panegyrick, but Advice from you. And that your Buſineſs at preſent is to nominate the Man I am to make King; not to commend his good Fortune in being ſo. The Buſineſs is ſo nice, Madam*, replies he, *I dare not ſpeak my Mind, tho' your Majeſty order it. Did you know*, ſaid I, *what moves me to this Confidence in you, you would, perhaps, expreſs yourſelf with a great deal more Freedom; but becauſe to bring you to it, I muſt proceed further, Tell me, whether you think the Earl of* Leiceſter *deſerves to be your* Prince? *The Earl of* Leiceſter, (anſwers he) *is well Born, and a Perſon of great* Merit, *and will anſwer the Honour your Majeſty intends him. Is that all you have to ſay to me*, ſaid I? *Ah, Madam*, anſwers he,

he, with a Sigh, which made me expect ſomething more pleaſing, *I ſhould have more to ſay to you for my ſelf than the Earl of* Leiceſter. *What hinders you?* ſaid I. *The Reſpect I have for your Majeſty*, anſwer'd he, *I am in Love, Madam, but it is not a Thing fitting to make my* Queen *my Confident.* I bluſh'd at thoſe *Words*, and was in a Mind not to proceed further. But I look'd upon him, and there needed no more to declare my Weakneſs: *I have that Eſteem for you*, added I, *that I am not unwilling to be of your Council. Well, Madam, ſince you will have it ſo*, continues he, *I muſt acquaint you I am deſperately in Love with the Counteſs of* Rutland; *and that I cannot live if your Majeſty conſent not that ſhe ſhall make me happy.*

You may eaſily gueſs what an Aſtoniſhment I was in at this explication, having upon ſo good grounds expected to have heard my ſelf

named; it is well for me I had not altogether loſt the Haughtineſs of my Nature; the poor Remains of it were my only Helps to preſerve me from diſcovering more Weakneſs to the Earl than he had diſcover'd Love for his Miſtreſs. His Tranſports helpt me to cover mine. He perceiv'd not the Blow he had given me; and ſacrificing my *Grief* to my *Glory*, I affected to appear calm and unconcern'd, when my Soul was full of Trouble and Confuſion. *You have made a very good Choice*, ſaid I, *and the Counteſs of* Rutland *will well deſerve the kindneſs you profeſs for her. Madam*, replies he, with Satisfaction in his *looks*, which *heighten'd* my grief, *you have done more for me, in approving the paſſion I have for the Counteſs of* Rutland, *than you could have done had you procur'd me the Empire of the Univerſe. It is your Deſire then*, added I, with a Sigh my Deſpair forc'd from me, *that I ſhould give her*

to

to you? I desire any thing, says he, *that may preserve me from Dying for Love of her. Go your way, then*, said I, to be rid of him, and ease my self of the intolerable Constraint I was under, *be assur'd I will concern my self in your Amour. You shall know it in time. But take heed you give not the Earl of* Leicester *the least Intimation of the Secret I have imparted to you. Not before I have Orders from your Majesty*, answer'd he, *to congratulate his Happiness, and pay him the Devoirs of an affectionate Subject.*

Had you seen with what an *Ayre* he pronounc'd these Words, you would have abhorr'd him for his Ingratitude. As for me, I was left in so desperate a *Condition*, it was long e'er I could recover my Reason out of the *Entanglements* of *Love*, *Anger*, and *Jealousie*.

I was partly the Author of my Misfortune, by calling to *Court* the *Countess* of *Rutland*, after her Hus-

band's Death, without conſidering ſhe was one of the handſomeſt Ladies on Earth ; and but ſixteen Years old. I have not obſerv'd any particular *Kindneſs* the *E* of *Eſſex* had for her : He viſited her as other Ladies of the Court. But their Intrigue was myſterious ; and the more ſecretly it was carry'd, the Engagement was the ſtronger, and the Affection more tender.

It is impoſſible to expreſs the Trouble I was in, when *Anger* ſeized the Place *Grief* had poſſeſt in *my* Heart. Tho' the *Earl* of *Eſſex* had been ignorant of his good Fortune, I could not forbear reproaching him for ſlighting it as he did ; and forgot not to charge him with Treachery and Ingratitude. But when I *conſider'd* he was ſo far from apprehending my Meaning, that he was gone directly to make a ſolemn Tender of his Love to another, and carry *her* the joyful *News* of his Succeſs with me ; I reſolved

ed at leaſt to delay the Pleaſure of it for a time, and went out of my Cloſet into my Chamber, to call him back. I thought I heard the Earl of *Leiceſter*'s Voice and his in the *Anti-Chamber*; and going to the Door, found I was not miſtaken. *Leiceſter*'s Jealouſie had, in all probability, made him watch *Eſſex* as he enter'd my Chamber; and when he ſaw him return with Satisfaction in his Looks: *You are happy*, ſays he, *in a Privilege, to entertain the* Queen *as long as you pleaſe; when others who as paſſionately deſire it, can't obtain that Happineſs for a Moment. I'm perſwaded* replies *Eſſex, you better deſerve it; and make no doubt but you will find more Pleaſure in it. I'll leave you at liberty to go in ſearch of it; and you may do me a Favour not to ſtay me, being call'd another way, on a very preſſing Occaſion.* He had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but he went his way; and I was ſo confounded with this new

Sight, I ſcarce knew where I ſtood. Having at laſt recover'd my Reaſon, I had the Diſcretion to hide my *Weakneſs*. Preſently my Anger would have vented it ſelf on the Counteſs of *Rutland*: But I conſider'd her only Crime was her Beauty; and that ſhe knew not my Concern for her Servant.

The *Earl* of *Leiceſter* having at his entrance perceiv'd me in Diſorder, durſt not take Notice of it, but after a ſhort Viſit withdrew.

A little before, I had ſent to *congratulate* the King of *Navarre*, upon his coming to the Crown of *France*; and having Intelligence he wanted Aid to ſecure his Government, I reſolv'd to ſend him ſome under the *Conduct* of the *E.* of *Eſſex*, in hopes his *Abſence* might cure me. I would have perſwaded my ſelf, the *Cauſe* of my removing him on *That* Occaſion, was my Deſire to *forget him*; but upon ſe-

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cond Thoughts, I muſt confeſs, it was rather the Deſire of removing him out of the Sight of a beloved Rival.

Being reſolv'd on the Point, I haſten'd the *Execution*, and having order'd the *Earl* of *Eſſex* to attend me; *You love Honour*, ſaid I to him, *and I cannot think you will prefer the Pleaſure of Sighing before a Miſtreſs, to the Opportunities of acquiring Glory: I have provided One for you; and am reſolv'd you ſhall command the Troops I am ſending to the* French *King. To fortifie therefore yourſelf againſt the Troubles of Abſence, you need only think of the Pleaſure of a Return.* His Anſwer was only Sighs, and that paſſionate Language made me haſten his Departure.

Soon after the Counteſs of *Rutland* (whom, I could not forbear uſing very mildly) deſir'd leave to go into the Country a conſiderable diſtance from *London*. I had

then ſo little love for her, I did not deſire to have her near me, but readily conſented ſhe ſhould retire.

The hopes ſhe had to ſee the *Earl* of *Eſſex* return, ſupported her ſo, that ſhe, with much Moderation, ſaw him take his leave: But I am aſſur'd by experience, the Grief for his Departure, equali'd at leaſt, the Hopes for his Return.

When he was arriv'd in *France*, Fame ſpoke aloud in Commendation of him; his Abſence alter'd not my Affection; and in ſpite of all I could do to the contrary, I had a ſenſible Pleaſure to hear him commended.

Had I been deſir'd, I ſhould have call'd him home as ſoon as *France* was in Peace: But I ſent him new Orders to join Admiral *Howard*, who was going for *Spain*; and I gave him the like Commiſſion for this Expedition, as for that of *France*.

He did Wonders in *Spain*, and his ſingle *Valour* frightned the *Enemies*.

And

And having taken *Cales*, and pillag'd the Coaſt of *Portugal*, he put again to Sea for *England*. The *Fleet* was ſcatter'd by a Storm, and we had *News* the *Earl* of *Eſſex* was loſt. Then it was I knew better than ever, the Kindneſs I had for him. I could no longer perſwade my ſelf that his Indifference for me deſerv'd mine for him.

I accus'd the Sea a Thouſand times, for having taken too unreaſonable a *Revenge* of me, and was under Sufferings more cruel than Death, till News was brought me, that by the Aſſiſtance of the Admiral of *Holland*, he was arriv'd at *Plymouth*, from whence, in a few Days, he came to *Court*.

To ſhew you how little Reaſon we have, when we are in Love, and how fickle are the Reſolutions of a tender Heart, tho' provok'd by Slights and Contempts: I had lamented the *Death* of the *Earl* of *Eſſex*, and receiv'd the News

of his being alive with a Thouſand *Tranſports of Joy*. I was extreamly pleas'd with the Report of his Arrival at *London*. But when I conſider'd I ſhould ſee him *full of Love* for another, and that, perhaps, I ſhould not be able to conceal my Jealouſy, I was tempted to order him to give the *Council an Account* of his *Conduct*, and not admit him into my Preſence. I was ſometimes of the Opinion, I ſhould be able to do ſo; but this *weak Heart* of *mine*, ſo prepoſſeſt in Favour of him, revolted againſt all my Reſolutions; I muſt follow my Inclinations, and ſee the moſt dangerous Enemy of my Repoſe, the Troubler of my Reſt. He came to *White-Hall*; I admitted him to my Preſence; I look'd upon him, and *in ſpite of all my high Spirit*, he ſaw nothing but Kindneſs in all my Actions.

You may ſoon imagine what an agreeable Surprize it was to me, to find, at our firſt Conference, that

that Abſence had *wean'd* his Affections from the Counteſs of *Rutland.* He appear'd no longer in that *languiſhing Melancholly* I obſerv'd him in before his Departure. He had Satisfaction in his Looks. The Air of his Actions were ſmooth and calm. And I fancy'd as much Joy in his Face, tho' the Counteſs of *Rutland* was abſent, as I felt in my ſelf, at the Explication he made. *I ſee you again return'd with Victory,* (ſaid I) *but am ſorry it is not in my Power to reward your Toil with the Sight of the Counteſs of* Rutland. *But if any thing I can do, can comfort you.— I am eaſily comforted for her Abſence, when I am permitted to ſee your Majeſty,* anſwer'd he. *I have no Paſſion now but for the Glory of ſerving your Majeſty; and the Counteſs of* Rutland *is now to me no more than other Ladies of the Court. Are you no longer in Love with the Counteſs of* Rutland *?* (*reply'd I*) between

Joy,

ſoy and Diſtruſt. *You have ſpoken it too faſt. When you ſee her again—— When I ſee her again,* ſays he, interrupting me, *it ſhall be without thoſe Tranſports I expreſt for her, not forgetting the Reſpect due to your Majeſty. What,* anſwer'd I, *are you not afraid of the reproaches of a provok'd Miſtreſs? No, Madam,* ſaid he, in a free and unconcerned Manner; *all I am concern'd for is to do my Duty, and approve my ſelf worthy your Majeſty's Favour. This,* anſwer'd I, *deſerves my Acknowledgment; and Time ſhall let you ſee I am not ungrateful.*

Thus did the Earl of *Eſſex* aſſure me he was cur'd of his firſt Paſſion; and I was in Hopes, it might be in my Power to ſee him one Day entertain another. A Week after, he deſir'd Leave to go into the Country, about his private Affairs: He was abſent a Fortnight; and returned more

more calm and unconcern'd than ever.

The *Earl* of *Leiceſter* had doubled his Importunities in the Abſence of the Earl of *Eſſex* in *France* and *Spain*; and oblig'd me at laſt, to put him out of Hopes. He is naturally bold, and was ſo blown up with the Opinion of the Glory he had gain'd by ſome late Atchievements, that he proceeded to telling me plainly, *He was jealous of the Earl* of *Eſſex*; and would have made a Crime of the Diſcourſe I told you of, paſt between them, as *Eſſex* left my Chamber. The Anſwer I made him, was an abſolute Command, *He ſhould be ſilent*; which was ſo far obey'd, that after ſome Days murmuring, he held his Peace. Yet this put me in mind to obſerve ſome Meaſures, and not to follow openly my Inclinations.

Things continued in this State, till the Troubles of *Ireland*. I had often open'd my Mouth to

let

let the *Earl* of *Essex* know the Advantages he had over me; but Modesty shut it again; yet seeing him under a Necessity of going for *Ireland*, when the Earl of *Tyrone* had rais'd a general Rebellion, I hadn't the Power to let him take his leave without acquainting Him, *The Kingdom was at his Command.* Upon the first News of the Troubles, he threw himself at my *Feet*, begging the Honour of my Command, to go and quiet those Disorders. — *You have done enough*, said I, *and there's no need you should by exposing your self to new Dangers, oblige me to new Acknowledgments. I doubt not, Madam*, answer'd he, *but the Favour I beg of your Majesty, will be envy'd me; but I take the Boldness to say, Your Majesty cannot refuse it me, without doing your self Injury: It being an occasion may contribute to my meriting the Favour You have already honour'd me with.*— The *Ardor* you express for undertaking Great

Great Actions, (*replied I*) is not *perhaps* ſo pleaſing as you imagine; and all the *good* that may redound to *England* thro' your *Valour*, is leſs conſiderable than the Trouble is given me, who takes leſs Care of my *Crown* than your *Life*. I am Ambitious: Yet – Ah! my Lord, ſave me the Confuſion of a more particular Explication of what you ought, and might eaſily have long ſince underſtood. *I might, perhaps, preſume too far in my Wiſhes*, ſays the *Earl*, in ſome Diſorder. Wiſh boldly, *cry'd I*, I love you; and if I *Bluſh* to tell you ſo, 'tis not that I am either aſham'd, or repent of it. You may believe this Acknowledgment a very hard Task for a Perſon of my Humour, who have ſeen you ſigh for another, when I ſlighted Kings for your ſake, and would have ſacrificed more to your Satifaction. *What, Madam!* (cry'd he, like a Man aſtoniſh'd) *Have you lov'd me, and I been ſo*

Unfor-

Unfortunate to make my ſelf unworthy your Kindneſs by thoſe Sighs I now diſavow? Did my *Eyes* never tell you what I look'd for in yours? *ſaid I.* I never had the *Boldneſs*, *anſwer'd he*, to make any ſuch *Conſtructions* of your Looks. Your Fear was the effect of Indifference, *ſaid I*, but no more of what is paſt. Tell me now, can ye love me? Rather ask me, Madam, *anſwers he*, if all the Affections of *my Soul* can *merit your Love*? and whether the *Earl* of *Leiceſter*, whom you deſign to make the happieſt Man on Earth, ſhall not carry the Day from me. The *Earl* of *Leiceſter*, *ſaid I*, was but a *Pretence* to make *you* ſpeak. I told you then *truly* the *Thoughts* I had of *you*; *my Trouble* for *you* was not ſmall, both in your *Abſence*, and ſince your *Return*; but all is forgotten. Be henceforth as I wiſh, and doubt not of being Happy.

He anſwer'd me with ſome Diſorder, which I fancied the *Effect* of un-

unexpected Joy, I thought it time to be no longer ſcrupulous; and that it was in vain to have any Reſerve when I had ſaid ſo much. *I muſt not let you go under any Uncertainty*, proceeded I, *but to convince you clearly of the Truth of what I've ſaid, take this*, ſaid I, delivering him a Ring, as the higheſt Mark of my Favour, *keep it as a Pledge of my kindneſs; which I conjure you to preſerve in the State it is in, and on that Condition, I promiſe you, never to deny you any thing you ſhall deſire of me, when you ſhew me this* Ring, *tho' it coſt me my Life and Fortune.*

His Joy and Acknowledgments at receiving the Ring, were in Appearance, extraordinary and unparellel'd; and attended with Promiſes of as high a nature.

He went for *Ireland* in few *Days*, leaving me fully perſwaded his Thoughts were *wholly* taken up with me. But he had ſcarce advanc'd

vanc'd up to the Rebels, but he was Charg'd with all the *Crimes* which occasion'd his Imprisonment, and that of the Earl of *Southampton*. Then it was I began to repent I had not given Ear to the wholesome Advice *Cecil* would have given me, concerning the secret Conduct of the Earl of *Essex*.

In a Word, while my Thoughts were wholly *imploy'd* to make his Fortune glorious, he was Plotting with the Earl of *Tyrone*, to surprize and make me Prisoner in this Palace.

You know the rest, *Madam*, his obstinate Resistance, his want of Respect for my *Orders*, his imprisoning my *Ministers*, his murthering my *Soldiers*, and his intollerable *Pride* in all his Misfortunes.

Thus ended the Queen's Discourse; which having call'd fresh to her Mind all that had pass'd between Her and *Essex*, she was more troubled than ever.

The

The *Counteſs* of *Nottingham* had heard her with Attention ſuitable to her great Concern in the Diſcourſe. She, as well as the Queen, had been in Love with the Earl; and advanc'd many Steps, but in vain, to raiſe a Paſſion in him. And having newly underſtood the *Cauſe* of his *ſlighting her*, it *added infinitely* to her *former Reſentments*.

She had no Mind to *condemn* the Queen's Weakneſs, knowing her ſelf guilty of the like; nor was ſhe inclin'd to ſpeak in favour of a Man who was grown ſo much the more *Odious* to her, as *ſhe* had formerly paſſionately lov'd him. She thought it ſufficient to *comfort* the Queen with Diſcourſes ſeeming to ariſe *only* from *Zeal* for her *Service*, when, in *Truth*, her *Thoughts* were wholly bent for the *Ruin* of an *ingrateful Lover*, who, in her Judgment, deſerv'd nothing but *Hatred at her Hands*.

'Tho' *Love* thought not fit the

Earl

Earl of *Eſſex* ſhould admire the *Conntes's* of *Nottingham*; yet another was her Captive, whoſe *Character* did, in a manner, make her amends; it was Secretary *Cecil*, who, amidſt his *great Offices*, and the *Gravity* that became them, diſcover'd, in the Beauty, Ingenuity, and high Spirit of the *Counteſs* of *Nottingham*, ſome Charms, that made him capable of a *ſtrong Paſſion* for her; which was heightned by the *Hatred* both of them had profeſs'd againſt the *Earl* of *Eſſex*, *Cecil* having always look'd on him as the invincible *Obſtacle* of his ambitious *Pretenſions*; and the Counteſs had againſt him all the Rage and Averſion that uſually ſucceed Kindneſs abus'd.

They were glad of the Impriſonment of the Earl of *Eſſex*; but the favourable Inclinations the Queen expreſt for him, alarm'd them.

The

The *Counteſs* had no ſooner taken *leave* of the *Queen*, but ſhe gave *Cecil* an *Account* of all ſhe had learnt. Having conſider'd the Conſequences, they concluded it neceſſary, while their *Princeſs* ſigh'd ſecretly for the Priſoner, means ſhould be found by private *Ways*, and in artful *Conduct*, without their appearing to have any ſuch Deſign, to take away the Mercy which Love might inſpire into her.

Cecil, for the firſt *Step*, preſs'd the *Queen* to bring *Eſſex* to his Trial; and caus'd certain News of his Death to be ſpread throughout *England*.

Eſſex, in the mean time, was buried with *Thoughts* of more *Weight* than thoſe of his Life. He knew well enough his Queen lov'd him, and knew as well he had deceiv'd her; and that ſhe might, with a great deal of Juſtice, not only reproach, but condemn him.

The Queen had not ſeen him ſince his going into *Ireland*; but having not the Power to give him up to his ill Fortune, without having *heard* him, She reſolv'd to go to his Houſe, where he was Priſoner, to reproach him as he deſerv'd, and endeavour, if poſſible to find him innocent.

'Tis not far from *Whitehall* to *Eſſex-houſe*; and the *Queen* took ſo good Order in the *Matter*, that no *Notice* was taken of the *Undecency* of the *Viſit*. Having been introduced hy her Confidents alone into the Chamber of the Criminal, He was *ſurpriz'd* at the *Preſence* of the *Queen*; the languiſhing Condition ſhe was in, made her *ſigh*; all went for him, and the Victory ſeem'd eaſy. He ſaluted her with a profound Reſpect; and then fixing on her Face thoſe *Eyes* of his, which ſo often charm'd her, he fetch'd ſome *Tears* from *hers*. Well, my Lord, (*ſays ſhe, drying them*) you

ſee

ſee what I do for *you*, notwithſtanding all the *Crimes* I can reproach you with. I am come with a *Deſign* to Hear you, if you have any thing to ſay to juſtify your ſelf. I have lov'd you too well, not to wiſh it above all things; and, would *Heaven* were pleas'd your *Juſtification* might be purchas'd with any the moſt precious *Thing* in my *Power*. My *greateſt Crime* is, that I thought myſelf too *happy*, Madam, *replies the Earl, ſighing*. Had you reſted there, *ſaid the Queen*, I ſhould have been too well ſatisfy'd to complain of you; but to believe yourſelf *happy*, was it *neceſſary* you ſhould *betray* me? And muſt you needs have made uſe of violent means, to make yourſelf *Maſter* of a *Fortune* I was willing to ſhare with you? What *reaſon* had *you* to ſeek *Protection* of the *Kings* of *Scotland* and *Spain*? Did my *Intereſts* oblige *you* to *Correſpondencies* with *Tyrone*? And, was it for the *Safety* of my Perſon,

you

you design'd *to make me your Slave, and his? All you have done since to* my Subjects, *against my Orders; Are those the Expressions of your Respect? Is it by Fury and Treason you shew your Zeal for Me and the Publick? Or is all We have seen and heard of you but Illusion and Fancy? Yes, Madam,* replied the Earl, *those Accusations of Treason and ill Designs, have run me upon the desperate Resistance I made. You have been pleas'd to heap Favours upon Me, and I, too proud of what I so little deserv'd, flatter'd myself with the Expectation of a Thousand Pleasures which you had not absolutely forbid Me to hope for. This let loose the Envy and Jealousy of others against my good Fortune. They abus'd your Majesty with Misinformations; and I had the Misfortune to be assured, your Majesty had order'd I should be arrested; altho' my Innocence would have perswaded Me the contrary. I confess, Madam, I was in a* Rage

Rage, to see my Enemies insult over me; being abandon'd by your Majesty, and on a point of suffering, perhaps, a shameful Death; I thought it neither for my Reputation, nor your Majesty's Honour, I should die as a Criminal. This put me upon having recourse to those Succours and Assistances they reproach me with, and the Resolution I took to go out of England, *in hopes to confound my Accusers; but I found all the Passages stopt; and I must acknowledge in that desperate Condition, I vented my Fury by taking Revenge on your Ministers. They, Madam, and only they, were the Objects of the Rebellion I am charg'd with. My design was, that only* they, *who had so industriously labour'd to make me appear guilty, should do me Right, in declaring my Innocence; and permit me to lay it, and my Life, at your Majesty's Feet, I never doubted but your Majesty would have done me the honour to hear me, and that by a clear discovery of the*

Truth. I ſhould have certainly confounded the envy of my Enemies. But their Malice hath had the Succeſs to ſee me a Priſoner, hated by my Sovereign, deſpis'd by the World, and made a Sacrifice to their Rage; and now what remains but that I receive the Sentence of my Death pronounc'd by them, and ſee Cobham, Cecil, Raleigh, *and their Fellows, ſhare the Favours you honour'd me with? You are well aſſur'd I hate you not,* ſays the Queen, interrupting him: *But ſhould I believe you? Yet ſhould I not believe you? Can I give you up to the ill Fate that threateus you? I ſhall never murmur againſt your Majeſty's Orders,* replies the Earl, *but ſubmit to them readily, whatever they be. But I confeſs it wou'd make me mad, ſhou'd my Enemies have the Advantage to condemn me.*

The E. of *Eſſex* knew the weak Side of the Queen; and eaſily reviv'd in her that Tenderneſs he had formerly inſpir'd her with.

No

No, ſays ſhe, (having paus'd awhile) *you ſhall not Die. Make uſe of your Advantages; Triumph over a Heart whoſe Inclinations you very well know. I will believe your Intentions leſs criminal than they appear; but, my Lord, I conjure you, by that Kindneſs, of which you have ſuch particular Experience, that you give me no Cauſe to repent of it; trouble not your ſelf for Reputation and Honour, I will take care to repair it, and before two Days be over, I will reſtore you to the higheſt Place you ever had under me.*

Eſſex, tranſported with Joy for the happy Succeſs of this Conference, affected the Queen ſo much with ſubmiſſive *Acknowledgments*, that he reſtor'd her Spirits to a perfect Tranquility. At parting, ſhe promis'd to call a Council on the Morrow, and in a glorious Manner to declare him Innocent.

As ſoon as it was Day, ſhe ſent for *Cecil*, and the Counteſs of *Nottingham* waited on her. Having told them in few *Words*, of a great Conflict paſt between her *Juſtice* and her *Mercy*, ſhe concluded for the latter; and order'd *Cecil* to ſummon the *Council*, that ſhe might declare to them the *Deſign* ſhe had to ſet *Eſſex* at Liberty, aſſuring *him* ſhe had invincible Reaſons for doing ſo. This was a mortal Blow to the ambitious *Cecil*, and the Counteſs of *Nottingham*. They preſently look'd on one another, as if they would have ask'd each others Advice what *Courſe* to be taken. Afterwards they ſpoke to the Queen, in hopes to divert her; but ſhe was inflexible; and *Cecil* was forc'd to order an Extraordinary Call of the Council.

But while the Earl of *Eſſex*'s Enemies thought his good Fortune on the Point of being reconcil'd to him, Chance labour'd for 'em with *unexpected Succeſs*. As

As the *Queen* was going to *Council*, Word was brought her, the *Counteſs* of *Rutland* deſir'd to wait on her. The *Queen* bluſh'd, remembring what had paſs'd; and looking on the Requeſt as unſeaſonable and unlucky, ſhe thought to have put off the *Counteſs* to another time; but conſidering ſhe us'd not to deny any Perſon *Acceſs*, and that the Counteſs of *Rutland* was a Lady of the *beſt Quality*, ſhe commanded ſhe ſhould be admitted; and the *Counteſs* immediately enter'd.

Tho' her *Eyes* languiſh'd, her Looks were ſad, her Dreſs and her Gate very careleſs, yet her Beauty was conſpicuous, and moving: She threw herſelf at the *Queen*'s Feet; and with extremity of *Grief* in her *Looks*, *Madam*, (ſays ſhe, with a great deal of Pain) *I come to implore your Majeſty's Goodneſs for the Unfortunate Earl of* Eſſex. —— *For the Earl of* Eſſex, *Ma-*

dam, anſwer'd the Queen? *How come you concern'd for him, who hath quitted you with ſo much Indifference after ſo many Promiſes of extraordinary Kindneſs? I expected you were rather come to join your Reſentments with mine, and deſire me to take a full Revenge for the Injury done to your Beauty. No, Madam*, anſwer'd the *Counteſs, not the Tranſports of a forſaken Miſtreſs have brought me now into your Majeſty's Preſence, but the tender Affection due from a virtuous Wife to a Husband ſhe loves; in begging for the Earl of* Eſſex, *I beg for mine. This Confeſſion may, perhaps, add to our Guilt; but 'tis no dallying for thoſe who are on the Brink of Deſtruction. I acknowledge, Madam*, that after a thouſand *Croſſes*, we had that *tender Kindneſs* one for the other, that we *married* privately, contrary to the Reſpect due to your Majeſty. *This*, Madam, *this only, and his Fear of your Majeſty's juſt Indignation, put the Earl of*

Eſſex

Eſſex *upon ſeeking Revenge out of your Dominions: He thought it fit I ſhould go out of them, but never harbour'd a Thought of conſpiring againſt your Majeſty. However, this hath ruin'd us, and if You protect not an* unfortunate Perſon, *whom you have ſo much honour'd, He is irrecoverably loſt.* Conſider, I beſeech you, *Madam*, that a few *Drops* of *Blood* at your *diſpoſe*, and a poor *Life* you are *Miſtreſs* of, are not a *Revenge* ſuitable to the *Grandeur* of a *Queen* ador'd for many Virtues, yet chiefly for your Clemency.

The *Queen* was ſo aſtoniſht at the Diſcourſe, that the Counteſs had Liberty to end without interruption. But this was ſad News to a Heart lately full of the *Delights* of a pleaſing *Reconciliation*. What a Torrent of Anger overflow'd her Conſtancy? A Queen as ſhe was, high-ſpirited, haughty, and paſſionately in Love; to ſee herſelf thus inevitably betray'd, and to

find it out at a time, when a blind Credulity had ſtifled all former Reſentments: Yet ſhe forced herſelf to Diſſemble her Grief; and fixing a ſevere Look on the Counteſs of *Eſſex*: *The Life you Beg of Me, ſays ſhe, is not in My Power; The Peers are his Judges. Ah! Madam,* cryes the Counteſs, *my Husband is Loſt, if you give him up to their Fury: Their Jealouſy will do that which Juſtice cannot.—Why ſhould you Trouble your ſelf if he be not Guilty? ſaid the Queen. Tho' I am well ſatisfy'd of his Inocence, Madam anſwers* the Counteſs, *yet your Cruel Miniſters are not diſpos'd to believe it. Let me then intreat you, Madam, if Your Majeſty will grant me no more, yet will be pleas'd to Allow me the Priviledge of being put into the ſame Priſon with Him. I am as Criminal as He, and perhaps more. I wiſh it in My Power to Grant your Deſires* ſays the *Queen, but common Policy forbids any Correſpondence to be*

allow'd

allow'd between ſo conſiderable Perſons, in your Circumſtances: You may, if you pleaſe, wait his Fate and your own, in a Chamber in this Palace. Ah, Madam, *replies the beautiful Counteſs*, conſider the laſt Favour I beg of you is, that I may be put into Irons: Can you apprehend we ſhall attempt any thing againſt you in ſo deplorable an Eſtate? This is the *Eve* of our greateſt Diſaſter: That barbarous Juſtice, to which you abſolutely commit the care of your *Vengeance*, will to *Morrow*, perhaps, part us *for ever*, deny us not, at leaſt, the comfort of mixing our laſt *Tears*. What can you *fear* from a *Grief* without Power—*I fear being troubled with it, and I will be Obey'd*, anſwers the angry Qu. and goes away into her Cloſet, while the *Counteſs* of *Eſſex* was carry'd to a Chamber, where ſhe was left under Guard,

Never was Fury equal to the Queen's. The Madneſs ſhe was in,

to ſee herſelf deceiv'd, made her for ſome time forget all her *Tenderneſs*. Her Thoughts were wholly bent on *Revenge*, and giving up to the Severity of Juſtice, a guilty Perſon ſhe had ſo paſſionately loved. *Death*, ſays ſhe, *ſhall be the Reward of his Ingratitude, and I will make his Puniſhment an Examgle to the Univerſe.*

With theſe *Thoughts* ſhe came to the Council. When ſhe had declar'd herſelf, the Peers were named for Trying the Earls of *Eſſex* and *Southampton*. Arm'd as ſhe was with Reſolution to do it, ſhe trembled at the doing; and could not forbear mixing ſome *amorous Sighs* with the *violent Expreſſions* her *anger* forc'd from her. She withdrew under a very great *Trouble*, and admitted no Viſit for ſeveral Days.

'Tis hard to expreſs what a pleaſant Surprize it was to *Cecil*, to ſee the Queen angry, and declare herſelf againſt *Eſſex*, whom he thought

thought ſhe reſolv'd to Pardon. He carry'd the News to the Counteſs of *Nottingham*, who was as Joyful at it, as a cruel *Perſon* could be on ſuch an Occaſion. Yet they could not think all ſure, while the Earl *of Eſſex* was only *Priſoner* in his *houſe*, from whence his *Friends*, if minded to do it, might get him out. They concluded to take the Opportunity of the Queen's Anger, to obtain her *Order* for putting him into the *Tower* of *London*; which *Cecil*, under a *Cloak* of *Zeal* for her *Majeſty's Service*, eaſily gain'd, and readily executed. The Earl of *Eſſex* was generally belov'd; and *Cecil*, fearing Commotions and Tumults if he ſhould be carry'd through the City, order'd him to be ſent to the Tower by Water; which was accordingly done.

The Earl of *Eſſex*, not able to gueſs at the Cauſe of a Succeſs ſo unſuitable to the Promiſes of the Queen, prepar'd himſelf for the

worſt

worſt that might happen; and in few Days had Reſolutions enough to bear his Misfortunes. The *Qu.* was as full of *Trouble*, as *Cecil* and the Counteſs of *Nottingham* were of *Hopes* to ſee their *common Enemy* condemn'd in a few Days.

The *Counteſs* of *Eſſex* having no *Comfort* but her Tears, nor *Company* but her Fears, endeavoured, from the Pity of her Guards, to have ſome Intelligence of her Husband's *Condition*. She was told, *His Judges were appointed, and that he was in the Tower*: Worſe News ſhe could not have. The *Qu.* was *irreconcilably angry*; *nor could* ſhe by Letter, *convey* with *Safety* to her Husband the Advice ſhe thought fit for him. A *Conference* ſhe *thought* better; and *Money* being a Charm *ſeldom* reſiſted, ſhe did by ſome Preſents of Value, prevail with her *Guards* to ſerve her to her Mind. Having fully *paſſeſt 'em*, ſhe neither deſign'd her own Liberty,

berty, nor her Husband's; all she desir'd, was a Minute private Discourse with him; which her Guards undertook, and brought happily about. The Guards at the *Tower*, gain'd by their Companions, easily introduc'd the *Countess* into her Husband's Chamber.

He knew nothing of the Passages at *White-Hall*; but when he was told, *He was in a few Days to appear before his Judges*, he expected with a great deal of Resolution and Constancy, the end of his Misfortunes; comforting himself with the *Thoughts* of the *Countess* being retir'd into *Scotland*; but seeing her so near a Danger he thought her so remote; Ah Madam! *says he, with his Eyes full of Tenderness*, what came you to look for in these fatal Places? And in whose Power was it to bring you hither? ——— My Grief and my Guards have brought me hither,— *Answers the Countess.* What, Madam! crys the

the Earl, are you the *Queen's* Priſoner? And does ſhe know we are Married? Yes, *reply'd the Counteſs mournfully*, and is ſo angry, that we are paſt hope; I was abſenting my ſelf from you, as you *deſir'd* me, but the *News* of your *Death* ſtopt my *Retreat*, and it was not in my *Power* to betake myſelf into a Place of Safety, there to attend the Iſſue of *your Troubles*, if it were not in *my Power* to eaſe *you* of 'em. I thought it my *Duty* at leaſt to *ſhare* with *you* in 'em. This made me preſent my ſelf to the *Queen*, and omit *nothing* that might *move* her *Compaſſion*, but ſhe *prov'd* altogether *inflexible*. Ah Madam, *ſays the Earl, interrupting her, your Impatience has ruin'd us*: Had *you not* appear'd, I had been at Liberty. By a *dext'rous Juſtification*, I had regain'd her *Confidence*, and *you ſhou'd have*, in a *few Days*, ſeen me come in *ſearch of you* in *Scotland*, but *now* there's *no Hopes*, the *Queen* will be *reveng'd*. What! ſaith

ſaith the *Counteſs*, hath all I have done, tended to your Ruin? Make Uſe of your Advantages, I conjure you. The Queen ſtill retains ſome tenderneſs for you. You may eaſily revive it. Oh! be not a Sacrifice to her Anger. Invent any thing in Excuſe of our Marriage. Diſown it if you pleaſe. I will conſent to any thing rather than have you condemn'd to Death. Let her Baniſh me into any Part of the World; I will go moſt willingly. And if it may conduce to your Safety, make Uſe of the *Pledge* ſhe gave you.—

Ah, Madam! *replies the Earl*, can you give ſuch Advice to a Man who, you know, adores you? Have you found by any of my Actions, that I love my Life more than I love you? No, I love my Life for nothing elſe, but to ſpend it with you; and I will part with it, with all my Heart, when I muſt be depriv'd of that Pleaſure

ſure. My Fears were only for *you*, and can *you* believe I ſhall have the leaſt *Satisfaction* in the *Queen's* Favour, when her Jealouſy ſhould make her Baniſh you ? Let it break out, let her ruin me, I will glory in my loving you, and telling it to her Face. I know the *precious Gift* ſhe beſtow'd on me, leaves me ſome Hopes, and I may make Uſe of it, but I'd do it with ſafety, and it may prevail for more than my Life. I *apprehend* you, *ſays the Counteſs*, *you* wou'd reſerve all for me, and neglect your own *Safety*; but *you* cannot incur a *Danger*, *wherein I have not a Share*; and *the Way* to preſerve my *Life*, is to ſecure *yours*.

This Diſpute had laſted longer, but the *Counteſs's* Guards minding her it was time to withdraw, She diſpos'd herſelf to bid her Huſband Farewel. Their Separation was Moving, and accompanied with abundance of *Tears*, to which a Multitude of tormenting Inquietudes

tudes ſucceeded, and uſhered in a Day, that inſtead of Diminiſhing, Heightned their Sorrows.

The End of the

FIRST PART.

THE

Secret HISTORY

OF THE

MOST RENOWNED

Q. Elizabeth

AND THE

E. of Essex.

The Second Part.

By a Person of Quality.

COLOGNE:
Printed for *Will with the Wisp*,
at the Sign of the *Moon*
in the Ecliptick. 1695.

THE Earl of *ESSSEX.* OR, THE AMOURS OF Queen *ELIZABETH.*

The Second Part

THE *Queen*, though angry, gave no Order for Comprehending the Counteſs of *Eſſex* in her Husband's Impeachment. The Morrow after their Conference, the Peers met in

in *Westminster-Hall*, the Earls of *Essex*, and *Southampton*, were brought before them by the *Constable* of the Tower. The particulars of the Tryal are set forth at large in the Histories of the Time. It shall suffice to insert here, That the Prisoners being Charg'd to have held Criminal *Correspondences* with the Kings of *Scotland* and *Spain*, and entered into Secret Alliances with *Tyrone*, and Traiterously laid and carried on a *Plot* against the Queen's Authority, made a very stout and resolute Defence.

As Politick as *Cecil* was, he could not hide the Malignity of his Intentions; but it was Observ'd, he was not only a severe Judge, but a dangerous Enemy. The Heat and Animosity he discover'd against the E. of *Essex*, were answer'd by him with a slighty Resolution, and undaunted Constancy. Yet, for all he could say in Justification of himself, he was condemn'd with the Formalities

lities uſual on ſuch Occaſions. Sentence was pronounc'd by the Lord High Steward, That the Earls of *Eſſex* and *Southampton* were Guilty of High Treaſon, and ſhould be Beheaded. The E. of *Eſſex* was not mov'd in the leaſt, to hear himſelf nam'd, but appear'd heartily Sorry to find the Earl of *Southampton under* like Condemnation, and Conjur'd the Judges to examin with leſs Severity, the Conduct of a Perſon, whoſe only Crime was, the Love he had for him. But not able to prevail, he melted into Expreſſions of the greateſt Tenderneſs in the World, for his Friend.

The Qu. being inform'd of the Condition of things, gave private Orders to delay Execution. She was of a High Spirit, and highly Provok'd; yet found it very difficult to raiſe her Anger to a Pitch equal to her Tenderneſs.

Cecil trembled to find the Execution of a Sentence deferr'd, which he

he had with so much pleasure heard pronounc'd. The Countess of *Nottingham* was equally Allarm'd.

The Proofs were but Slight against the E. of *Southampton*; and the *Queen*, sensible his long Friendship with the Earl of *Essex*, had chiefly engag'd him in the Matters in Charge, Pardon'd his Life at the Request of his Friends.

News was brought of it to the Earl of *Essex*, whose truly Brave and Generous Soul immediately broke forth into sincere Protestaons, *He should Dye now with Satisfaction and Content; since the Queen had owned by her Pardon, the Innocence of* Southampton.

While the Earl of *Essex*, expected with a resolute Constancy, the Catastrophe of his Tragedy, the *Countess*, his Wife, was inform'd at *White-Hall*, he was Executed, 'Till then she believ'd it uncertain; but this News surpriz'd her so terribly, she fill'd the whole *Court* with her Lamen-

Lamentations. The Queen heard them, but was not concern'd, as the reſt were for them. *Let her Cry*, ſays She, to the Counteſs of *Nottingham*, *ſhe muſt ſhed many more, to wipe out the Score of thoſe Tears ſhe hath coſt me.*

The *Counteſs* of *Nottingham* was ſo far from endeavouring to pacify the *Queen*, that all her *Care* was to keep up her Anger. And becauſe ſhe was ignorant of many things ſhe thought herſelf concern'd to know, ſhe took Advantage of the *Trouble* the Counteſs of *Eſſex* was in, and made her frequent Viſits; not to bemoan her Afflictions, but to find out ſomething to render her more *miſerable*. It muſt needs have been an *unparalel'd Cruelty* not to pity the handſomeſt Lady on *Earth*, appearing to our Eyes in a Condition more Deplorable than can be expreſs'd. She fell every Minute, for very Weakneſs, into

the Arms of the Women about her; and recover'd herſelf not only to lament the more pitifully, which affected all but the *Counteſs* of *Nottingham*, who ſaw all this with an Unconcernedneſs ſuitable to the Hardneſs of her Heart. *Ah, Madam,* ſays the Counteſs of *Eſſex*, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw her, *Will you not uſe your Intereſt with the* Queen, *in favour of the Earl of* Eſſex? *You know my Lord of* Southampton *hath his Pardon,* replies She, *and the* Queen, *perhaps, will do as much for your Husband. Madam,* ſays *the Counteſs of* Eſſex, *it is not the Crimes charged on my Husband, jointly with the Earl of* Southampton, *nor thoſe common to both, which makes the Queen inexorable.* ——— *You* underſtand me, *when I tell you, that there are certainly* [ſome others] *ſhe far more deeply* reſents. *And ſhe hates the Earl of* Eſſex *rather the leſs for the Attempts attributed to his Ambition,*

tion, than his Ingagements with Me. But, Madam, Replies the *Countess of* Nottingham, willing to find out the Mystery of their Love, she was as yet Ignorant of, *If you thought the Queen would oppose it, or be unsatisfied with it, why did you not quit a Business wherein you were to expect nothing but Crosses? If you were ever in Love,* says the *Countess of* Essex, *You know very well, we have not always our Wits about us, when we are deeply Ingag'd in Affection. However, Madam, when I Married my Lord of* Essex, *I did not know the Queen was so much* Concern'd for him. *Perhaps, Answers the Countess* of Nottingham, *I might do you some Service, were I throughly Acquainted with the particular Passages between my Lord of* Essex *and* You. *I am not in a very fit Disposition to Discourse You Madam says the Countess of* Essex, *But if I could by any Confidence, Prevail with you to do something in our Behalf, I would give you*

an Account of all you Desire. I will not promise you I shall certainly prevail with the Queen--- But, Madam, (adds the cunning Countess of *Nottingham*) *I will use my Interest and perhaps, Effect more than we have reason to hope for.— Have a good Heart Madam, do not despair; The Queen is Good, and I will Zealously Serve you when* I *am* Instructed *what Course to take,*

The Countess of *Essex* yielding to the Perswasions of her bittereſt Enemy, dry'd up her Tears; and after a short pause, spoke to this purpose.

MY Mother died very Young leaving no Child but me My Father's Offices obliging him to a constant attendance at Court he committed the Care of my Infancy to a Sister of his that was settled about a Hundred Miles from *London*. He could not at that Distance see me so often as he would, s th

that when I came to Fourteen Years of Age, he thought by disposing me in Marriage, to bring me nearer him.

The Earl of *Rutland* had but one Son, and the intimate Friendship between my Father and him, induc'd them to think of a stricter Alliance. Our Fortunes were equal; and the Earl of *Rutland's* Son being return'd out of *Italy*, his Father acquainted him with his Design of Marrying him, His Affection was no way engag'd to the Contrary: And the Business was agreed on without my Knowledge, who was look'd upon as too Young to be Consulted with, in a Cause of that Nature. Yet, Madam, my Heart was sensible so early, and capable of Discerning between Person and Person; and made it appear by experience, Obedience and Affection do not always agree.

The *Equipage* of the Young Gentleman was no sooner ready,

but he came where I was. Being not in Love, nor expecting much Pleasure in waiting on a Mistress he had never seen, and was represented to him as a Child, he Pray'd *Three* of his Friends to Honour his Nuptial with their Presence. The Earl of *Essex*, was one of them. When they Arrived, my Looks were *divided* between several Men, all much of an Age, and alike unknown to me. I knew well enough the Earl of *Rutland*'s Son was designd my Husband; and I presently Wish'd he were the Man whom I afterwards knew to be the *Earl* of *Essex*; at the first sight of whom all my trouble for being Married so Young was presently over. He was the first that spoke to me, and look on me more earnestly than any o the others. This made me believe it was as I Wish'd. But I wa sadly *Undeceiv'd*, when the Youn *Earl* of *Rutland* was Presented t me. I Blush'd and Sigh'd, no knowin

knowing the *Cauſe*. The Earl of *Eſſex* did alſo the like ; his Eyes went ſtill in Search of me ; and I was not reſerv'd enough to Avoid them. The Trouble I appear'd in was attributed to the Innocence of my Age ; and I quickly learnt to take *Care* to hide it,

Our Parents being Arriv'd, We were *Married*, without being ask'd by them, if we were Willing. The Earl of Rutland's Son Appear'd Pleas'd with his Fortune, and perhaps found me more Amiable than he expected. I, Madam, was ſo in Love with the Earl of *Eſſex*, all I could do, was not to Hate my Husband. Yet I had the *good* Luck my Kindneſs for my *Lord* of *Eſſex* was not ſo much as ſuſpected.

'Twas believ'd, I was then ſenſible of no other Pleaſures, but what *Children* Delight in ; but no Age is a *Stranger* to *Love*. I quickly *knew* what it was to *have* a Kindneſs ; and ſoon *Complain'd* the Li-

berty of my Inclination had been uſurp'd upon I had little joy in being ſo far Miſtreſs of my ſelf, as to wiſh I could love my Huſband, and endeavour it, and to have an Indifference for the Earl of *Eſſex*, for all my Efforts to that purpoſe were vain.

The firſt Reſolution I took, was to avoid the Sight of a Man, who could only contribute to make me more Unhappy. And when he had taken his leave, with the reſt of my Lord of Rutland's Friends, I pray'd my Father to ſpare my Youth for ſome time, and not to expoſe me ſo early to the Court, where I never had been ; My Deſire was Granted ; and when my Father return'd for *London*, to Satisfy me, they took me to *Rutland*.

But the Courſe I took, produc'd not the Effect I propos'd. The Idea of the Earl of *Eſſex* accompanied me in my Solitude. And my Father-in-Law being Dead, we were

forc'd

forc'd to go to *London*, after a Year's ſtay in the Country.

I trembled to think I ſhould ſee the E. of *Eſſex* again, and reſolv'd with my ſelf I would be the moſt retir'd *Perſon* on *Earth*, to avoid all Occaſions of meeting him: When News was brought me, he was gone with the Earl of *Leiceſter* into the *Low-Countries*, the *Queen* receiv'd me with that Kindneſs ſhe uſually expreſſes to thoſe She intends to Honour. I admir'd her Merit, and the Pleaſure to ſee my ſelf reſpected by her, ſuſpended a while my ſecret Inquietudes.

But within leſs than half a Year my Father died, ſoon after my Husband: I was much afflicted at theſe Loſſes: I bewailed my Father's Death a long time: And if I had not for my Husband that great Kindneſs, which is very ſeldom met with in *Marriages*, of Obedience, my Reaſon, and his Complaiſance, had forc'd me to eſteem

him, and to expreſs *Acknowledgements* ſincere enough, to ſave me the Trouble of any juſt Reproach from my ſelf, or any other.

The *Queen* having told me, She deſir'd to have me near her, I quitted my Houſe for an Appartment in this Palace; and my Fortune, which was very conſiderable, gave me ſuch *Charms*, as drew about me a Number of Suitors, who pretended a mighty Kindneſs for me; but were really rather a Trouble than Pleaſure to me.

In this *Condition* was I, when the Earl of *Eſſex* return'd to *London*. The Queen's Army had been Victorious, and She order'd a publick Thankſgiving when the Generals arriv'd. I waited on her to St. *Paul's*; and had not the Power by any *Conſideration*, to be ſo reſerv'd, as not to ſingle out from all the Nobility in the Kingdom, the Earl of *Eſſex* alone, to fix my Eyes on.

The

The Morrow he was one of the firſt to wait on the *Queen*. I was with her before; and was mov'd at the Sight of him. We lookt on one another ſeveral Times with equal *Concern*. *Madam*, cry'd he, as ſoon as he could ſpeak to me, *I have not had a Moment's Liberty to ſignify to you, how great a Share I bear in your Loſſes*. I *believe*, anſwer'd I, *You are ſorry for my Misfortune*. *'Tis Natural for every One to be concern'd for ſuch a Perſon as you are*, adds he, *but*, *Madam*, I *am much more concern'd than any other*.

The *Queen* interrupted us; but in all the Reſpects the Earl of *Eſſex* paid Her, I could not but obſerve his Eye was toward me. I confeſs I was glad to ſee him ſo *Eager*, and perhaps I anſwer'd him a little too ſoon; but I was young, tender, and independent. His Merits were then extraordinary, and he had the Advantage of my firſt Inclination.

He came the ſame Day to ſee me

in

in my Appartment, and fail'd not to do it conſtantly afterwards. All his Actions perſwaded me at length that he lov'd me; and it was not long e'er he let me know it.

Madam, ſaid he one Evening, having brought me to my *Chamber*, after I had left the *Queen*, Do you remember the *time* we accompany'd the *Earl of Rutland* to your *Country Houſe*? I have not forgot, Sir, *anſwer'd* I, that you were one of *them* that did him that Honour. Is that all you remember of it? *adds he*, *Did you obſerve nothing in my Eyes worthy your Notice?* And was it poſſible you ſhould inſpire into me ſo much Love, without feeling the Power of it yourſelf? The *Friendſhip* I had for the E. of *Rutland*, and the *Progreſs* he had made, prevented my ſpeaking of it. Yet *Time* and *Abſence* have but increas'd my *Paſſion*; and I proteſt ſincerely, from the firſt Moment I ſaw you, my Heart was never affected with any but your ſelf. A

A Diſcourſe of this Nature may perhaps, be thought unſuitable to the Condition I was then in; who Mourned for a *Father* and a *Husband*; yet I had not the Power to be offended with it: The Earl of *Eſſex* aſſur'd me, I had gain'd his Affection; I was willing to gain his, and I car'd for no more.

You will give me leave, *Madam*, to paſs over my *Anſwers*; and tell you only, the Earl of *Eſſex* was very well ſatisfied with them; that we then ſettled the *Correſpondence* we have ſo long maintain'd; and that we found Occaſions and Opportunities to Polliſh and Perfect it.

Thus far you ſee me *Ignorant* of the *Queen's* Inclinations: I, as well as others, attribute the Favour we ſaw the Earl of *Eſſex* was in, to his Services, and his *Dexterity* in ſetting them out to *Advantage*. But in *time* I perceiv'd my *Miſtake*; and, as reſerv'd as the *Queen* was, found

out

out the *Myſtery*, and tremble at the *Diſcovery*.

The Earl of *Eſſex* had an elevated *Soul*, and capable of Greatneſs. Ambition might Rob me of him; and I was willing to fortify *my ſelf* againſt all *Misfortanes*, and to reſerve only an Eſteem for him. But what Hopes of doing that now, which all my Reaſon, and two Years Marriage had not effected?

At laſt, Jealouſy ſucceeded my Fears; and I began to believe, the Reſpect the Earl of *Eſſex* had for the Queen, might proceed from a ſecret Affection. I fretted at this, and griev'd at the Heart. The *Earl* perceiv'd it, and ſolicited me long to tell him the *Cauſe*. I refus'd as long as I was able. *I am Jealous*, ſaid I to him at laſt, with a little Heat, *and afraid I ſhould loſe your Affection. 'Tis not an Unhappineſs*, ſaid he, *to ſee you love me ſo, as to doubt of me: But there is no Cauſe to queſtion my faithfulneſs, who never*

Lov'd

Lov'd any but you. The Qu. Loves you, cry'd I, *and her Kindneſs for you, with the advantage of her grandeur, may be dangerous Temptations to your Perſeverance. The Qu. Love me, Madam!* Replies he, *How you Interpret Her Accuſtomed and Ordinary Bounty; which hath perhaps, too Generouſly recompenced my Services beyond their Merits? She is too Haughty, and too great a Miſtreſs of herſelf, to fall into ſuch a Weakneſs. You know what Illuſtrious Alliances She hath ſlighted; and are to believe ſhe's above the Reach of Love. There is not a Monarch upon the Earth, but I would prefer you before Him,* cry'd I, *and Meaſuring the* Queen's *Affection by mine, I am eaſily Perſwaded, ſhe may do ſo too; her Eye is always upon you, maugre all her precautions and is never elſe ſatisfied, and I have obſerv'd ſome Sighs from Her which a Heart concern'd as mine cannot hear without Trouble. I did not till now know how happy I was,* ſays the E.

of

of *Essex*, but your Jealousy makes me Sensible of it. Yet, Madam, give me leave to assure you, you have no Cause of it. Were the Qu. Weak, as you imagine ; did she offer me her Crown and her Kindness, I would, by my Refusal, let you see, tho' I have *Ambition*, my *Love* for you infinitely *exceeds* it. To satisfy you of your *mistake*, allow me to *procure* her Consent to our *Marriage*. You have Mourned sufficiently to avoid all Imputations of *Indecency*. It is in your Power to make me the *happiest* of Men, and to clear the Doubts you have of my Faithfulness.

I was far from opposing the Proposal he made, and I was not fully convinc'd the *Queen* was in Love with him ; yet, I thought if she was he knew it not.

To let you see, adds he, I will not Conceal from you, any Kindness the Queen hath expresst for me, I declare I sacrifice to you one of the Handsomest Ladies of the Court who hath a thousand Ways invited my Love. I

I preſt him to let me know her Name, but he Conjur'd me to be Satisfied with what he had ſaid; and not to force him to any further Indiſcretion, I gave over preſſing him.

[" The Counteſs of *Nottingham* " Bluſh'd at this part of the Diſ- " courſe, having Reaſon to Believe " her ſelf the Perſon intended. She " Hated him the more for't; but " had the Command of her ſelf, " not to Interrupt the Counteſs " of *Eſſex*, who proceeded in her " Story.]

This Freedom of the Earl put an end to my Suſpicions. I left him to take his Time for ſpeaking to the Queen; When he went to Thank her for the Government of *Ireland* beſtow'd on him, he returned to me with a Tranſport of Joy, to tell me, *The Queen had not only Conſented to his Deſires, but intened to make the Earl of* Leiceſter *King*

King of England. This quieted my Spirit, and made me acknowledge, I had no Cauſe to be Jealous.

We ſpent ſome Days with a great deal of Pleaſure; but were Cruelly interrupted by the Order the Earl of *Eſſex* received to go into *France*, to Command the Forces the *Qneen* ſent in Aid of that King. I had not time to expreſs my Grief to him, or to be a Witneſs of his: We parted in Haſte; and then it was I repented I'd Believe him: and that the Queen's Coldneſs towards me *Convinc'd* me of the Truth of my former Suſpicion; and that her ſending away the Earl of *Eſſex*, was but to Remove him from me.

I left the *Court* as ſoon as I could with Decency ask the Qu. Leave, to Retire into a Houſe of my Father's, about fifty Miles from *London*— I will not tell you how I was Allarm'd at the News of the *Earl* of *Eſſex*'s his Death, in his Return,

turn from *Spain*, nor how we Writ to one another, in his Abſence. I was ready to Dye for Grief, when he arriv'd at my Houſe more Reſpectful, and more Amorous than he had ever appear'd.

He would have put me out of my Opinion concerning the Qu. but I ſeverely maintain'd it True ; and, when I had *Convinc'd* him of it, he offer'd to leave *England*, if I would Name a Place, where we might Live quietly. I had then Affection enough to incline me to *Conſent* to this Propoſal ; but *Conſidering* it Unjuſt in me to ſpoil the Progreſs of his Good Fortune, and put a Period to his Hopes, by an unexcuſable Retreat, I told him it was Impoſſible : And uſhering with a Sigh the Advice I was going to give him, *Forget me Sir*, ſaid *I*, *for I ſee your Fate will force you to it. The Queen will ſtill croſs Us, and never want Pretence to ſeparate Us : 'Tis better breaking off an Engagement,*

that

that ſuits not with your Affairs. Nothing in the World can be a greater Misfortune to me; but I will ſubmit to it, if it be for your Good. You ſuſpect me of Indifference (ſaid he interrupting me) *and you have the Cruelty to adviſe me to it. Did you Love me more, you would Know me better: And, were I capable of doing an Unjuſt thing, I believe you would exhort me to forget you, for no other Cauſe, but that you might think of me no more. But, Madam, to ſhorten our Diſcourſe, and our Doubt which almoſt makes me Mad, Believe it, I Love you above all things in the World; there is a ſure and eaſy way to ſatisfy you of it; You are not willing to go with me out of* England; *and yet you are ſtill afraid of the Queen. Let us Marry Privately, and Conceal it till we ſee a more favourable time, this will Fruſtrate the Queen's Deſign to our Prejudice; you will no longer Doubt of my Affection; and if the Buſineſs be diſcover'd*

'tis

'tis but flying out of the Reach of the Resentments we fear.

I was strangely mov'd at this Discourse; every thing oblig'd me to believe him. Yet considering it would reflect upon my Reputation to be privately Married, I was afraid to consent. The Earl complain'd of me; I cry'd: *LOVE* was our Arbitrator, and decided the Controversy in his Favour. After long Resistance, I agreed to a private *Marriage*, on *Condition* the Earl would go for *London* on the Morrow; and appear disengag'd to the *Queen* from all the Kindness he had for me. We agreed to be Married at the Earl of *Southampton*'s, his particular Friend; where I was to stay, while he went for *London*. Thus we parted. He took *London* Road, I went for *Southampton*, attended by *Tracy*, snd a Domestick of the Earl of *Essex*'s, in whom

whom he repos'd an entire Confidence.

As the *Earl* was on the Road, he had Leiſure to conſider what Meaſures to take. My Ld. *Southampton* came to receive me at his Houſe; where the the E. of *Eſſex* arriv'd ſoon after he had obtain'd Leave from the Queen to abſent himſelf for a few Days.

We are now come to the *Inſtant* that uſher'd in our *Croſſes*. We were *married* in the *Preſence* of my Ld. *Southampton*, *Tracy*, and ſome *Women* of mine, and a *Kinſman* of the Earl of *Eſſex*. He gave me an Account how the *Queen* had receiv'd him; and began to confeſs, he believ'd ſhe lov'd him.

He ſtaid but ſix Days at *Southampton*, in which time we agreed what Courſe to take.

I was too far from *London* to ſee the Earl often, without diſcovering our *Correſpondence*. And nothing ſeem'd more proper to conceal

ceal it than a Houſe he had within few *Miles* of *London*, on the *Thames* ſide: It ſtood alone, and was ſtrong enough to prevent a Surprize. Having ſettled my Affairs, I was conducted thither by my Ld. *Southampton* and *Tracy*, while the *Earl* of *Eſſex* return'd for *London*.

Nothing could be more *pleaſant* than the *Solitude* I was in. My Lord of *Eſſex* came to ſee me every Day: And I ſpent there two Years without a Moment's Trouble. At laſt, an Accident happen'd that miſerably perplex'd us.

The E. of *Eſſex* had abundance of Enemies who malign'd him; and for all his Caution, they obſerved his extraordinary Aſſiduity for the Houſe I was in. They told the Queen of it. She was diſturb'd at it; more perhaps, for the Suſpicion ſhe had of ſome private Gallanty of his there, than for thoſe Matters they would have poſſeſt her with.

I

I gave her no Trouble: The Earl's Diſ-engagement with my pretended Journey into *France*, had ſecur'd her as to me. Yet ſhe was reſolv'd to go ſee whether the Earl frequented the Houſe only for the Pleaſure of the Place, or ſome hidden Cauſe.

One Day, as the *Earl* was with her, ſhe gave Orders, her ordinary Retinue ſhould be ready to wait on her, *I have long had a Mind to ſee your Country-Houſe*, ſays She to the Earl; *I have had a very pleaſant Deſcription of it: The Weather is fair, and I believe a Walk ſo far may do me Good.*

You may imagine the Fears this put the Earl in: He durſt not openly oppoſe her Deſign; but endeavour'd to divert her, by ſaying, *His Houſe deſerv'd not the Pains ſhe would take in going ſo far.*

When he ſaw her reſolv'd upon it, he beg'd Leave to go before, to put things in order for her Recep-

tion.

tion. *No*, [ſays ſhe] *you ſhall be my Guide : There's no Need of Preparation.*

The Earl at theſe Words trembled for me. He was depriv'd of all means of Precaution ; and the Concern he appear'd in, made the Queen more Curious.

Imagine what a Trouble he was in by the Way, and how often he wiſht ſomething might hinder their Arrival. But Fortune favour'd the *Queen's* Deſigns ſo far, that they came ſafe to the Houſe ; and She would preſently go and ſee the Lodgings. The Earl aſtoniſh'd, gave her his Hand. The Chamber I us'd, was the beſt of the Houſe ; and the firſt the Queen ſtaid at : The *Earl* ſeeing no Remedy, ſteps to the Door, which he found open, contrary to Cuſtom, and was pleaſingly ſurpriz'd, to find only *Tracy* there, ſleeping, or rather pretending to ſleep, on a Couch. He was quickly awak'd ; and having ex-

preſt his Surprize, and Reſpect, immediately withdrew.

The Earl of *Eſſex*, who thought him at *London*, began to take Heart, fancying his good *Genius* had reveal'd the Adventure to *Tracy*. — But a new Trouble aroſe; my Picture hung in the ſame Room, under a Curtain. The Queen ask'd *If it was not the Earl's?* He anſwer'd, with ſome Trouble, *It was not.* The Queen drew the *Curtain*, and ſaw herſelf Drawn at length, where the Earl thought my Picture would appear. Then it was he was perſwaded the Faithful *Tracy* had an Intimation of the Journey.

The Queen expreſt much Joy to ſee her Picture in the Earl's Chamber.

From the Houſe ſhe went into to the Garden; took a ſhort *Repaſt*, during which, *Tracy* found the *Opportunity* to whiſper the Earl, *He need not trouble himſelf.* — and returned

turn'd to *London* without the leaſt Suſpicion.

Thus Matters paſs'd on their Sides. As to ours, the very Inſtant the Queen told the Earl of *Eſſex*, *ſhe would ſee his Houſe*, the *Earl of Southampton* was at her *Chamber-Door*. *You are come in good Time, to go with the* Queen *to the Earl of* Eſſex's, ſays the Officer who was going to provide the Equipage.

The *Earl* of *Southampton* by theſe few Words, quickly diſcover'd the Storm that threatned his Friend: And to provide a Remedy: *I am not very well*, ſaid he to the Officer, *perhaps the* Queen *may command me to wait on her*; *I will not go into her Preſence. Pray let her not know you have ſeen me.* The Officer promis'd ſhe ſhould not; and *Southampton* haſten'd to the Earl of *Eſſex's*, to tell *Tracy*; who immediately took the beſt Horſe his Maſter had; and rode ſo faſt, that he was with me before the Queen left *London*.

I was not a little troubled at the News. *Tracy* hid me and my Women, in a Quarter, where was no likelyhood of our being diſcover'd, and then chang'd the Queen's Picture for mine.

That Evening rhe *Earl* of *Eſſex* came to ſee me, and gave me an Account of the *Tortures* he had that Day endur'd for me; and how *Southampton* and *Tracy* deliver'd him out of them.

The *Iriſh* rebell'd; I lay in at that time. The *Earl* of *Eſſex*, who lov'd me no leſs than his Glory, had within himſelf deſperate Conflicts. His Duty prevail'd: He deſir'd he might command the Army, the *Queen* granted it; and the ſame time declar'd her *Affection* for him; which I was before but too well aſſur'd of. She gave him abundance of very kind Expreſſions, and (to confirm the *Truth* of them) a **Ring**, which ſtill leaves the poor *Earl* of *Eſſex* ſome Hopes.

He

He was ſufficiently prepared to manage the Queen : And you ſee, by this time, Madam, whether he was not under a neceſſity of ſome Diſſimulation.

He gave me a faithful Account of all that paſs'd between 'em ; and being fearful for me in his abſence, he reſolv'd to remove me, and to go himſelf out of *England*, if Matters were diſcover'd.

This put him in Search of ſome Places of Refuge : The King of *Scots* promis'd him among others, the Palace of *Dimburg*. The Earl of *Tyrone* made him many Propoſals ; but *certain* it is, he never hearken'd to any of them.

I was weak when he left me, and oblig'd to recover a little Strength, before I would undertake a Voyage for *Scotland*.

I was on my way, Fortune ſtay'd me, the Earl of *Eſſex* was *Charg'd* with ſeveral Matters ; and the Queen prepoſſeſt by our Enemies,

took our innocent Precautions for Crimes.

At last, Madam, the *Earl* was forc'd to come and shut himself up in the place where I was; and was resolv'd to perish in defence of me.

You know what follow'd, Consider the Frights I was in, amidst so much Trouble and Blood I saw every Day spilt.

The *Earl* conjur'd me incessantly to quit a place where he could not make any long Defence, in Opposition to so many Forces, as were imploy'd to take it.

I exhorted him to yeild, and implore the Queen's Goodness. He Protested, *He would never do it, till I was in a place of Safety.*

Thus was I forc'd to leave him, and go for *Dimbourgh*. The faithful *Tracy*, who should have conducted me thither, had perish'd already in maintaining the Interest of his Master.

The *Earl* of *Essex* committed me

to

to the *Charge* of one of his Kinſmen; they forc'd me out of his Arms, to put me on board a Boat that waited for us on the *Thames*, and was to carry us to the place where our *Convoy* atended us.

My Fears, and my Grief put me into a Fever: This ſtaid me *ſome* Days, at a little Village, where I had News *of* the *Earl's* Impriſonment, and the Queen's Reſolution to Ruin him.

The Extremity of my Deſpair put me on the Reſolution of Preſenting my ſelf to the Queen, and endeavouring to obtain ſome Favour by an ingenious *Confeſſion*; but Madam, you know, I found in her no Diſpoſition to Pardon us.

My *Conduct* hath produc'd a terrible effect; And I may juſtly Reproach my ſelf, to have been the *Cauſe* of all my Lord of *Eſſex*'s Misfortunes.

This Diſcourſe ended in Tears. The *Counteſs* of *Nottingham* took ſmall care to ſtop them: She was too much concern'd in more than one part of the Story, which heightened her Fury: And leaving the *Counteſs* of *Eſſex* to the Horrour of Deſpair, ſhe returned to the Queen, whom ſhe found almoſt drown'd in hers. She us'd all her Art to revive the Queen's Anger; and by her *Cruel* Addreſs, effected her Deſign; without ſaying a word directly againſt the Criminal.

Cecil and ſhe, were Tormented to ſee the *Execution* delay'd.

What ſhall we do, Madam, ſays he to her, if the *Queen*, in the very heighth of her Anger, will not give way that Juſtice be done. What are we to expect when her Anger is over? What are we not to fear from her Love if it once get the Maſtery of a Heart as hers is? 'Tis no where ſo Imperious, no where ſo abſolute, *and I very much doubt whether all*

our

our Caution can prevent the ill effects of it. In a word, condemn'd as the E. of Essex *is, by an auguſt Aſſembly, 'tis poſſible he may recover his former Favour with the* Queen, *and utterly ruin us, as ſoon as he ſets* footing *at* Court. *I ſhall ſtir my ſelf a little e'er that comes to paſs* (ſays the Counteſs of *Nottingham*) *I have the* Queen's *Ear* :--*And I know how to ſpeak; I am not ſuſpected; nor am I a ſtranger to the ſecrets of the one or the other: Yet we are not to flatter our ſelves, the Earl of* Eſſex *is Maſter of his Fortune; if he Petition, the Queen will not have Power to deny him.* -- *he hath a* Pledge, *which gives him an abſolute Power over Her: But, Thanks to his Pride he will not make uſe of it; beſides, whom can he employ in an Affair of this Nature, but we can eaſily corrupt? I will not leave the Queen, and I'll pawn my Life, I'll ſecure all with her. Do your Part, and let's not be ſurpriz'd.*

Cecil knew the Counteſs of *Nottingham* too well to doubt of what ſhe ſaid; he parted better ſatisfied, and thought of nothing but what flatter'd their common Hatred againſt *Eſſex*.

The Queen had a very ill Night, tormented equally with Sickneſs and Trouble. She conſider'd the Unfaithfulneſs of the *Earl* of *Eſſex*; his Plotting againſt her Authority, his private Marriage, his giving himſelf wholly up to the Pleaſures of it, while he pretended to be entirely at her Devotion, and his Pride in the Depth of Misfortunes.

She thought ſometimes theſe Reflections ſtrong enough to enable her to ſee him Dye. But preſently the pleaſant *Idea* of him ſhe wou'd deſtroy, his *Merit*, his *Services*, and the *Natural Inclination* ſhe had for him, inſpir'd her again with more gentle Reſolution. She thought it better to ſee him a Criminal, than never

never ſee him more. The *Thoughts* of his *Execution* put her almoſt beſides herſelf, tho' it was in her Power to prevent it.

The *Counteſs* of *Nottingham* was as wakeful as the Queen, tho' for very different Reaſons; and waiting on her in the Morning as uſual, *You find me in a lamentable Condition*, ſays the Queen, *and if you help not to comfort me, I ſhall not be able to endure it much longer. The Wretch who cauſeth me all this Trouble, is always before my Eyes, in the moſt pitiful Condition imaginable. Is it poſſible I ſhould do nothing for him in ſuch an Extremity? Shall I permit him to periſh, as if I do not value him more than another, when I have declar'd to him, I lov'd him? Shall I reproach my ſelf one Day with Cruelty, to have forſaken him when it was in my Power to ſave him? What your Majeſty ſhall be pleas'd to do in his Favour*, replies the *Counteſs* of *Nottingham*, *will*

be the more Generous, for that he hath not ſolicited it; if he petition'd, your Bounty would be look'd upon as an Effect of your Pity, and his Submiſſion: But now it will proceed purely from your Goodneſs.

Theſe Words effected partly what ſhe aim'd at. The Queen bluſh'd, and was ſilent a while.

It muſt be confeſs'd (proceeds ſhe) *That to do all for him, without putting him to the coſt of one Sign of Repentance, is to approve of his Pride, and incourage him to carry it on to the higheſt Extremities. He would have my kindneſs do all; and, without any Reflection on the Outrages he hath done me, he believes I ſhall think my ſelf too happy in holding the Executioner's Hand. Never doubt, Madam,* (ſays the *Counteſs*) *but he makes account to triumph ſtill over that Goodneſs your Majeſty hath always made appear towards him. Had he been carried from* Weſtminſter *to the Scaffold; had you giv'n him a Sight of*

that

that ſcene of Death, and Par don'd Southampton, *without Reſpiting the other's Execution, he'd ha' been glad to make uſe of any Means in his Power to move you to Mercy. But he knows the Power he hath over You; and pretends, that by receiving a Pardon He vouchſafes not to Petition for, all the World will believe him innocent. But Madam, if Matters be carried on thus, What will be thought of the Juſtice of the Kingdom? what will the World judge of your Majeſty? There is not a Perſon ignorant of this Adventure; and if the Earl of* Eſſex, *without acknowledging his Crimes, ſees Him-ſelf at Liberty; will it not be ſaid,* That *England* is Govern'd by a Queen not ſo diſcreet as Fame reports her to be?

At this *Cecil* arriv'd & fortify'd extreamly the Counteſs of *Nottingham*'s Party; he ſeconded her with all the Art of a cruel *Eloquence* to perſwade the Queen *ſhe was concern'd in Honour the Earl of* Eſſex *ſhould Die.* The

The Queen in a Pet, consented he should be *Executed* suddenly; and *Cecil* lost no time, in carrying Her Orders to those who were to be Actors in the *Execution*.

The *Earl* of *Essex*, as the Countess of *Nottingham* had shrewdly guess'd, had no Thoughts of Petitioning for a Favour, which, in all probability, the Queen's Kindness would of it self freely grant him. But when he saw himself on the point of being carry'd to the Place of *Execution*, he thought it his Duty not to neglect the Medicines he had in his power, to bring about the Queen. Then he resolv'd to implore Her Mercy, and put her in mind of her Promises and Oaths. And knowing the Countess of *Nottingham* was her Favourite and Confident; though he had Cause to believe, she had no great Kindness for him, he was perswaded she might have Generosity enough to serve him in this important Mediation. He

He sent to desire the Favour of a Visit from her. The Countess impatient to know the Cause, went directly to him, without acquainting the Queen.

Who but a *Barbarian*, could have seen the *Earl* of *Essex*'s Person, and at the same time know his Misfortune, without being melted into Compassion? Yet the Countess of *Nottingham*, at the sight of him, was all *Cruelty* and Revenge; but, feigning some sweetness, she gave him a way to declare himself thus,

Can you Madam, pardon the most unfortunate of Men, the Trouble he gives you, at a time when he hath no Cause to flatter himself you have any remains of Kindness for him? yet nothing can be now of a greater Advantage to me, than your Protection. I know the Power you have over the Qu. *and wou'd you be pleas'd to joyn it to my Sorrow and Repentance for having offended her, I doubt not but we may prevail much. Tell Her then*

Madam,

Madam, continues he, putting his knee to the Ground, *That you have seen me in this suppliant Posture, full of Grief for having deserv'd her Hatred. Restore her this* **Ring**, *which I have kept*; *and intreat her to Remember the promises she made when she gave it Me. I beg my Life by* this **pledge**, *and she cannot deny it Me, without forgetting her* Oaths. *I can no longer look on Life as a thing pleasant to me*; *but a miserable Wife, and the Interest of a Son, press me to continue it as long a I can. I cannot think the Innocence of the one, nor the Infancy of the other, needs my Justification: The Favour to be begg'd of the Queen, is for me alone.*

The *Countess* of *Nottingham* was transported with Joy to see the *Earl* trust her with the *Ring*, which had so many times Allarm'd her, and whose Power *Cecil* was still afraid of. She frankly Promis'd what she had not the least Intent to do for *the E. of Essex, added feign'd tears to* her

her *falſe* Promiſes, and aſſur'd him ſhe would directly go uſe her utmoſt Intereſt with the *Queen* in his Favour.

But inſtead of going to the *Queen* to give her an account of her *Viſit*, ſhe went to *Cecil*, who waited for her, prais'd her Cruelty, and had the Pleaſure to *ſee in his Power*, the ſole Obſtacle againſt *Eſſex's* Death. They went together to the *Queen*, who asking, How *Eſſex* receiv'd her laſt Orders?

He was *never* obſerv'd ſo haughty, *Madam*, anſwers *Cecil*, he cannot prevail with himſelf to ſhew the *leaſt ſign of Repentance*. He thinks of nothing but his *Wife*, and *She* is the whole Subject of his *Diſcourſe* to thoſe who go to him. Let him Die then, let him Periſh, (ſays the *Queen*, very angry) ſince he will have it ſo. Let me be eas'd of the tormenting *Uncertainties* and *Diſquiets* I am under.—— I am no longer againſt his *Execution*.

This

This zealous Minister was unwilling to leave the Queen the least Time of *Reflection*. And while the Earl of *Essex* was in Expectation of the Effect of the Promises of the unfaithful Countess of *Nottingham*, Provision was made for his Execution in the Tower, to avoid a Rebellion among the People, who lov'd him.

His Soul was naturally Great, and discover'd not the least Weakness in the last Extremity.

Never did Man go to his Death with more *Constancy* and *Firmness*, he did not murmur in the least, against the Queen; tho' he might have reproach'd her with Promises. He mounted the *Scaffold* resolutely, undress'd himself, recommended his Family to those about him; and having drawn Tears from all Eyes that were Spectators of that last Act of his Life, he receiv'd his Death, without so much as giving leave his *Eyes* should be cover'd.

Thus

Thus dy'd this famous Favourite of Queen *Elizabeth*; one of the beſt qualified Men in the World, and a Man who had been too Happy, had not *LOVE* had too great a Power over him.

Soon after the Queen had conſented he ſhould be Executed, ſhe relaps'd into her former Irreſolutions, and, after a ſharp Conflict within herſelf, ſhe reſolv'd to pardon him; and ſent an Officer of her Guards to forbid their proceeding further; but it was too late, *Cecil* had foreſeen what might happen, and cruelly provided againſt the Effects of her Relapſe into former Kindneſs. The Earl of *Eſſex* was already executed; and that was the *Anſwer* he carry'd the Queen.

Then it was ſhe loſt her ordinary Moderation; then her Grief broke out publickly.

Cecil, ſays ſhe, *What Miſchief has your barbarous Zeal and Impatience done me!*

With

With that she burst out into Tears, and would not endure the Caresses or Comforts of any about her.

While the Queen abhorr'd herself for the Orders her Anger had given *Cecil*, who had so faithfully caus'd them to be executed, enjoy'd the Pleasure of having procur'd them: And, the Countess of *Nottingham* triumph'd in herself, for the Revenge She had taken of One who had all along slighted her Charms.

'Tis impossible to express the *Grief* of the Countess of *Essex*; the most stony Hearts had *Tears* for her. The Queen, whose Anger was Dead with the *Earl*, sent to comfort her, and assure her, she was at her Liberty, and might dispose of her Husband's Estate.

Let her take my Life, and keep her Pity to herself, says the mourning Countess to the *Queen's Messenger*. *She hath robb'd me of all that made*

my

my Life dear unto me, and 'tis not in her Power to repair the Miſchief ſhe hath done me.

The Earl of *Eſſex's* his Friends finding her at preſent incapable of Comfort, even from them whom ſhe eſteem'd highly, for their Love to the Earl, took her from *London*, in Hopes that Time might make her Suſceptible of that Conſolation, which the Violence of her preſent Sorrows render'd altogether vain.

As for the Queen, ſhe languiſh'd out the Reſt of her Life: The only Comfort ſhe had, was to think the Earl of *Eſſex* had ſlighted Her to his Death, and never made her any Submiſſion.

The Counteſs of *Nottingham* had but ſmall Joy of her Faithleſs Life. A violent Malady ſeized her, and made her ſenſible of the Horrours of Death: Remorſe of Conſcience tormented her; the Ghoſt of the late Earl of *Eſſex*, whoſe Death her

her Cruelty occasion'd, seem'd to Haunt her incessantly. And being at the point of Death, she could not depart, without acknowledging her Crime to the Queen. Having begg'd one Moment's, Audience, she Confest all that had pass'd between the Earl of *Essex* and her, the Love she had for him, the Implacable Hatred that succeeded it, and her Perfidiousness in keeping the Ring he had trusted her with. With that she presented the Ring to the Queen, who was ready to dye at the Receiving it, and was within very little of making the Dying Countess feel the Violence of her Resentment.

Wretch! cryes she, with Looks full of Indignation, *what Remorse hast thou expos'd me to! Whether Heaven will pardon thy Crimes, I know not; sure I am, I shall never forget them.*

Having thus said, the Queen went out

out, and the Counteſs in few Hours Dyed.

This prov'd a Mortal Blow to the Queen's Health; who not long after dyed Uncomforted for the Earl of *Eſſex*.

Cecil had Lov'd the Counteſs of *Nottingham* too well to be ſo eaſily *Comforted* for hers.

By the Death of Queen *Elizabeth*, the *Crown* of *England* paſs'd into the Illuſtrious Houſe of the Stuarts, whoſe Right it was. And King *James*, after a Glorious Reign, left it to his Poſterity, for the Repoſe of his Kingdom.

FINIS.